

Oxford Democrat.

No. 52, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, May 6, 1845.

Old Series. No. 10, Vol. 14.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Miller,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms; the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

THE AVENGER.

A TALE OF THE WOODS OF MAINE.

BY CHARLES F. MURPHY.

CHAPTER I.

The scene to which we would direct the attention of the reader is one we delight to contemplate—a dense forest, in summer time. Through the deep foliage of the broad overhanging branches, the sunbeams fall with a chastened and grateful light. The birds have chanted their matin songs, and all is hushed save the dreamy murmur of the pines, like the voice of the sea, and the slight rustling of the tree tops among which a gentle breeze plays with the fluttering leaves. A little green opening spreads out before us—a dimple in the wilderness—into which the rich sunlight falls with dazzling effect—fashing upon a thread of a stream, which winds itself noiselessly away into the heart of the forest.

"Noiselessly, around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes; and you can hear, that, midst its herds, Weeds softly forth and visits the strong roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does."

Seated on a small knoll, covered with velvet-like moss, beside the stream, was a giant figure whose dress and equipments proclaimed him to be a hunter. Resting beside him was a rifle of unusual length, and from his belt depended a long hunting knife. With this brief description, our readers, we trust, will recognize a familiar character—the scout.

At the time of his introduction to the reader he was making his morning meal of dried bear's meat and coarse rye bread, washed down by the crystal water that rippled by his side; and from the zest with which he applied himself to his task, there could be no doubt though humble his fare, never a pampered epicure ate his with better relish.

"A fresh bite of ven'son wouldn't go bad this bracing morning," he muttered in soliloquy, as he vainly essayed to tear assunder a tough sinewy morsel he had in hand—"but here are so many of these outlying reptiles abroad it would be risky kindling a fire, or I'd have a steak. Wal, a good appetite is a blessed thing, though 'tis apt to be pesky uncomfortable when the pouch is empty. I've seen the time, many's the day, when an unripe root or green yarb tasted sweeter than the juiciest cut of the tenderest buck. Hi! hi!" he continued with a peculiar chuckle—"I shan't soon forget the tussle with the bear! 'Twas a pesky bad telling which was the hugger-bugger, and 'twas a mere circumstance—the turn of a leaf—whether I should eat it or I'm not! But beast natur' haunt equal to human natur' and I won the fight, although 'twas a tussle poor picking I got from his bones. It tasted right good though. Ah, Brave!" he exclaimed, as a fine mastiff came through a clump of bushes in front of the Scout, and stood on a grinning attitude, looking at him with a cunning air. "The dog gozed awhile, wistfully in his master's face, then gave a low whine, as if he would warn him of approaching danger."

"I understand, I understand, pup!" said the old man, walking to the side of his shaggy companion, and putting his breast—"the varmints are abroad—whist! whist!" he bent his ear to the ground.

"This way, Brave!" said the hunter in a subdued tone as he arose from his stooping posture—"they've been working mischief in the Settlements the past night. We must contrive to get on their trail, for 'tis more than likely they have got some poor captive who may need our services—this way pup!"—and turning to the left he entered with a quick though noiseless step into the depths of the forest, and the man and dog were in a moment lost to sight.

In a few minutes transported after their disappearance, when stealthy steps were heard in the woods, and presently a file of Indians passed with a quick pace through the foot of the little opening. At the heels of the two foremost loomed the trophies of their night's work. Dangling from each was a bloody scalp, the long plant locks of one proclaiming the sex of the victim, and the short, abundant ringlets of the other showing that it came from the head of quite a young child. So cautious were the movements of the band, none but a practiced ear could have detected the slight noise made as they glided past.

A quarter of an hour, perhaps, had elapsed after the disappearance of the savages, when the Scout, followed by his dog, emerged from the forest into the opening. His quick eye soon detected the trail of the Indians. Stooping down

he surveyed it with close attention, following it along the opening with the most careful scrutiny.

"There are five of the varmints!"—he muttered to himself, satisfied with the examination he at last stood erect—"the odds are ag'in me, but that's nothing—I've surmised a larger number—come, Brave!" and followed by the faithful mastiff, who seemed to understand every notion of his masters he, crept with a cat-like pace on the trail of the savage.

CHAPTER II.

Leaving the Scout on the trail of the Indians the reader will accompany us to another scene. It is a harrowing one—a scene, alas, too frequently recorded in the early annals of New England. A settlement on Casco Bay, not far remote from the ancient town of Falmouth, is the spot to which we would direct his attention.

North Yarmouth, now rich in resources and a popular seat of learning, in 1746 consisted of but a cluster of small houses. The first settlers of this place came principally from Lynn Mass. They had formed quite a settlement here for the times, and had lived in undisturbed security until the period of our story, when what was called the Fifth French War broke out, which wrought error and alarm in all our eastern settlements. Blood shedding became rife, and the torch, tomahawk and scalping knife commenced anew their cruel work.

Wells, in his History of Portland, alluding to this war, remarks of the Indians: "This subtle and vindictive enemy being again let loose from all restraint, started up from their swamps and morasses, harrassing the whole line of our settlements, and committing depredations upon the undefended plantations."

They hovered about the town all the summer, seizing every opportunity to plunder property and take captives or destroy life. The people here were kept in constant agitation during the season by those repeated depredations; and the terror was more lively, as it was caused by an enemy who could not be confronted, and whose secret and sudden visitations were marked by desolation and blood."

One night in mid-summer, the few inhabitants of North Yarmouth were aroused from their slumbers by the glare of a burning dwelling which stood a slight distance away from the settlement, near the edge of the forest, and which was occupied by a family named Greeley; and as they rushed trembling to their doors, wild, frenzied shrieks rose piercingly on the night air from the scene of conflagration. While those agonizing cries were ringing in their ears, a terrific war-whoop shook the air, and sent a thrill to the heart of every listener. That fearful whoop—the exulting shouts of demons—revealed all to the shivering settlers. Well they knew that the dreadful deed was accomplished—that vain would be their attempts to succor. Still there were brave hearts in that hamlet, and with one impulse nearly every male inhabitant rushed towards the burning dwelling.

"They were indeed to late! By the light of the blazing habitation the body of Mr. Greeley was found, his skull cleft in twain by the fatal tomahawk, and his scalp gone—and in close vicinity the bodies of his wife and young daughter, hardly yet sufficed in death, their gory, scalped heads revealing the heart-shocking merciless barbarity of the red man!"

The darkness of the night—the uncertainty of the number of the foe and the deep horror which had seized on those who gazed shuddering on the harrowing spectacle, debarred all pursuit. They knew it would be vain—they knew that the swamps and the tangled recesses of the forest afforded a complete shelter to the foe and their retreat; but as those wretched wretches groped round the shattered remains, and gazed on their gory, but crisp breathing, and dimly perceived exclamations and what thoughts of vengeance were stirring within them. A more urgent task occupied them at that time. Rude hands were busied in the removal of the bodies of the victims, and the bodies were conveyed to a neighboring dwelling.

There was no more sleep in North Yarmouth that night! Tremblingly the terrified wife and child clung to the husband and father as he detailed the awful scene he had witnessed, and repeated his vows of vengeance, while the thought that the fate which had befallen his neighbor might be wrought upon his own household, shook even his stout heart with a secret dread. The morning sun of the 10th of August 1746, rose on a solemn and gloomy scene—so late one of undisturbed peace and comfort. Its light fell on cheeks blanched with fear—lips white and trembling—eyes red and heavy with watching and weeping—on moody brows and troubled hearts—on the charred and still smoking rafters of a recently happy home, and on the mangled corpses of a peaceful and unoffending household. A sad morning was that 10th of August in that remote settlement!

Early in the forenoon a messenger was dispatched to Falmouth with the mournful tidings, and a company of men—commanded by a nameless and kindred of the writer—came that of an Indian fighter in his day—was immediately sent to the scene of action, to protect the inhabitants from further assault, and, if possible, to wreak vengeance on the blood-thirsty foe.

At that period every settlement had its "Block" or "Barricade"—a large building composed of logs, and barricaded like a fortress. In these, in dangerous times, the settlers would retire, and in the event of an attack, they would remain there, never venturing out, unless with ex-

treme caution, and always taking care to be completely armed. Often during a protracted siege were the inmates of those Block Houses nearly reduced to famine, and rarely did it happen that they were not subjected to the most pinching want. Little conception have we of the trials and sufferings endured by the hardy pioneers of our towns and villages.

Having assisted the settlers in burying the dead and in removing their few effects to the Block House, after seeing the women and children safe within shelter, the company from Falmouth, reinforced by nearly the whole settlement, scoured the neighboring country in quest of the enemy. Their search was ineffectual. The spoiler had come, executed his bloody purpose, and vanished, like a demon of darkness. But the avenger was on his track!

CHAPTER III.

With a slightly stooping gait—his long rifle at a trail, and his keen eyes fixed intently on the path he was pursuing—every displaced leaf—every depressed blade of grass—every bent twig—which none but an eye like his would have detected, served as a guide to the old hunter, who followed on the track of the savages with the unerring precision of the blood-hound on the scent. Occasionally he paused in his rapid walk, and bending his ear to the ground, listened intently for a moment or two. During one of the pauses, he patted the shaggy sides of the mastiff, which, closely followed in his footsteps, and addressed him in a low tone.

"They shall rue it, Brave—they shall rue it! Blood for blood says the good book—though the varmints are but heathens and are ignorant of the scripture! A woman and a child: ah, Brave! there's more mercy in a brute than in them reptiles. They came in the direction from Yarmouth, and those yaller ringlets, so much like twisted gold, were torn from the head of Ruth Greeley, poor thing! or I'm mistaken. But I'll revenge her—I'll revenge her, if I die for 't! Come Brave!" and the Scout resumed the trail with the same untiring pace.

Throughout the day he filtered not in the pursuits—making only a brief halt at noon by a spring side, where he partook of the frugal fare he bore with him, which he shared with his faithful companion. As the day began to decline and the trail became more indistinct in the gathering darkness, the Scout stopped and addressed his dog.

"Here, Brave," said he pointing ahead, "it is your turn to take the lead—a dog's nose is better than a man's eye at this hour!" At the voice of his master the dog wagged his tail, as if assenting to the command, and after snuffing along the path, as if to secure the scent, he turned his head looking into the hunter's face with an "I'm ready" expression about his eyes. The Scout nodded his head, the dog turned his head and with his nose close to the ground the sagacious animal trotted ahead, his master following unhesitatingly his lead.

An hour or to more the two went silently on their path, by which time the woods had become so dark that more caution was necessary in keeping the track. Still the old man followed the dog with the utmost confidence, even when the route became wholly obscured. Once only did the dog show any signs of being at fault. Stopping suddenly in his path, then diverging first to one and then to the other side of the course, he had been following, he ran about for a few moments snuffing the air and uttering a low whine. The Scout watched his movements with eager curiosity.

"Have you found it, Brave!" he at length whispered to the dog, who, having struck off at nearly a right angle and after running a short distance, then turned and returned on the trail to his master's side. The dog joyfully wagged his tail and stood in an attitude evincing an eagerness to proceed. A word from his master and he started forward, followed by the scout, in a direction varying essentially from the one he had been pursuing.

"I have," muttered the old man to himself, after he had got fairly started—"that are popples more than any two men in the settlement!" Squire Hawkes, with all his law and learning, is a fool to him! They say these varmints have no souls, and can't reason. Perhaps so, perhaps not—I can't say—but to my thinking when that dog dies it won't be the end of him! And as to his reason I ain't so clear—I've argued many a tough case with him here in the woods and I have learnt to give in to him, for somehow or other it 'as always turned out that he was in the right, though my reason was ag'in him at first. I've my notion of these things," continued the Scout shaking his head—"I've my notion of these things, and 'twill be pleguey hard beatin' 'em out of me!" Ha, Brave! 'twas in the wind!" he added, addressing the animal, who had again stopped crouching before him.

A suppressed growl from the mastiff followed this enquiry.

"Do you smell the red skins, pup?" said the Scout, as he knelt beside the dog in a listening attitude. He remained in this position some minutes, but apparently without detecting the cause of the dog's alarm.

"The dog's nose beats eyes and ears this time," said the old man in a whisper—"but I'll lay my life on 't the varmints are not far off. Go Brave, and find 'em out!"

The mastiff rose to his feet, and with a noiseless tread kept on his way, leaving behind him a master, who carefully putting aside his rifle, a clump of bushes near by crept into a thicket, and anxiously waiting the return of his faithful creature, whose sagacity was truly wonderful.

The animal was of a mixed breed, combining all the qualities which rendered him invaluable to a man like the Scout. The old man had reared and trained him from a pup, and such a perfect sympathy, as it were, existed between the two, that neither of them seemed to find the least difficulty in making themselves mutually understood.

A light patter among the dry leaves at last announced the approach of the reconnoiterer, and presently he entered the covert and rubbed himself fondly against his master's limbs.

"Did you discover 'em dog?" said the Scout, stooping down to caress the faithful animal. As he reached out his hand for that purpose, it came in contact with the soft, silken ringlets attached to the scalp of the child, accidentally dropped by the Indians, perhaps, and which the dog had brought back as proof of the success of his mission. Yielding it to his master, he gave a low, angry growl, and turned toward the quarter whence he had come.

"Ha! what have you here?" exclaimed the old man as he received the fearful trophy—"The child's scalp as I live! Poor thing—poor thing!" and a moisture gathered in his eye as he smoothed the dishevelled locks. "My little playmate, Ruth—so lively and frolicsome!—the pet of the settlement! And this sweet child cherub so cruelly butchered! Why didn't the 'arth open and swallow the fiends! Wal—wal—it's all right I s'pose—His wisdom and His mercy are not to be questioned by us weak and short-sighted mortals! but—" The Scout did not finish the sentence. The tone in which that "but" was uttered, however, told the stern purpose he had formed. Tightening his hunting belt and repriming his rifle, he made a signal to Brave, who stood seemingly waiting his movements, and the Scout and dog glided cautiously through the labyrinth of the wilderness, now dimly lighted by the rising moon, whose rays scarcely penetrated the deep foliage of the forest.

CHAPTER IV.

The scene was now of gloomy grandeur. It was deep midnight. Heavy masses of clouds floated athwart the heavens, through the rifts of which the rays of the moon occasionally fell in the glimmering patches on lake's broad bosom, which spread out like a vast mirror of steel in the uncertain light—Tall trees—the wide-spread oak—the straight and slender beech and walnut—the lye ash, and the plume-like fir formed a dense array in the background, while the borders of the lake were fringed with bushes and thickets of alders. At one point the bank ran up slopingly to the forest's edge, which here receded for some distance, the huge trunks standing like the massy columns in the great temple of nature.

Deep silence brooded over the little green plain—silence and darkness, save when at times a light shiver ran among the trees, as a breath of air broke their repose, and an opening in the clouds illuminated the place with the moon's transient light. At such times might be seen, drawn up in a line on the grassy bank, their prows just at the water's edge, three canoes, ready to be launched at moment's warning—and clustered here and there in groups, the dim forms of sleeping savages, to the number of ten or more.

It was the temporary encampment of a war party, each member of which was apparently buried in profound slumber. A moment, however, showed that there were sleepless eyes and listening ears in that seemingly slumbering band—for one of the number might have been seen half-raising himself, resting on the elbow, in an attitude expressing keen and vigilant watchfulness. For five minutes or more the attention of the aroused savage seemed riveted in a particular direction, as if his jealousy was awakened—his restlessness, burning glands striving to penetrate the dark eyes of the surrounding woods, and his ears were sensitive to the faintest sound that might be afar off. After awhile, perfectly satisfied with his scrutiny, he let himself slowly down to his former recumbent position.

Keen as he was of the senses of the red-man—confident as he was of his power of detecting the first approach of danger—there was one in his immediate neighborhood whose skill and cunning in no degree were more than a match for him. In an angle of the opening was a thick clump of bushes, and towards this, prone on the ground, the form of a man might have been seen, at the very time the awakened savage was peering around those snake-like eyes of his warning slowly along. Not the rustle of a leaf—not the crackle of a twig marked the wily movement, which was so slow as to be almost imperceptible.

The covert was at last reached, and for nearly an hour the figure remained as if void of life. It was now that time of night when the senses are most closely locked in slumber—the hour generally chosen by the savages for an attack. A dead silence reigned over the scene, broken only by the heavy breathings of the red-man all of whom, even to the sentinel, were buried in profound slumber. Slowly and cautiously the postrate figure of the man in the bushes rose upright, revealing the well known form of the Scout.

After peering around on the sleeping savages, the hunter gave a low serpent-like hiss, and presently the shaggy mastiff was seen, trailing noiselessly over the dry leaves, just skirting the forest to where his master was secreted—the cover he had chosen being directly opposite his entrance into the opening. Arriving at his master's side, the dog stood looking wistfully into his face.

Stooping down and putting the head of the old man in the child's scalp, he whispered in his ear.

"Go, Brave, and smell 'em out!" In obedience to the command, the sagacious creature started, picking his way slowly and carefully along among the sleeping foe, snuffing the

side of two of the savages who were huddled a little part from each others, and fortunately for the design of the Scout, in close proximity to the forest's edge.

What that design was the reader has already surmised. It was to avenge the death of the mother and child. He had been prowling around the encampment for some hours, and had ascertained the number of the enemy. Their superior force, and the great risk of detection would have deterred a less resolute man; but the old Scout knew not fear, and once his mind resolved, no danger, however threatening, would turn him aside.

"'Tis a pesky risky business, I know," soliloquized the old man, "but little Ruth shall be avenged, that I'm determined on!"

Leaving his rifle in the bushes, and unsheathing his long hunting knife, he prepared himself for the fearful and desperate task he had undertaken.

"I'd rather meet 'em in a fair fight," was the tenor of his thoughts as left his covert, and warily advanced to the spot where Brave stood, motionless over the unconscious sleepers. "I'd rather meet 'em in a fair fight, with a tree between us, when the quickest eye and the surest aim does the job. This stabbing 'em in their sleep is ag'in my white natur', and too much like the despicable redskins! There's a taint of murder about it I don't like,"—and for a moment he paused and hesitated in his revengeful purpose.

Then came the thought of little Ruth writhing under the merciless scalping knife—then, too, came the thought of his own sister who years ago, fell beneath the murderous tomahawk, and over whose mangled corpse he had sworn, that for every drop of blood shed of her's, a red man's life should be forfeited—well had that oath been kept—and should he relent now—with some of the very tribe before him that committed that deed—perhaps the very perpetrator of it—his hand fresh-stained with blood? The cruel foe wherein his power, and the very ground seemed to cry "Blood for blood!"

"They shall die!" exclaimed the Scout in an excited voice, completely thrown off his guard as these recollections thronged upon him, and to totally forgetful in his perilous situation, and the extreme caution necessary.

He had nearly reached the side of the Indians when these fatal words were uttered, and barely had they escaped his lips when he was made sensible of his imprudence, for the savage nearest to him sprang half way to his feet with an expressive "Huh!" But ere he had forgot his footing the old man leaped upon him, like a panther on his prey, and the next moment his knife was buried deep in the heart of the savage. A gurgling groan burst from the mortally wounded foe, as he fell heavily across his sleeping companion. Quick as lightning, ere the one thus suddenly aroused had a moment for thought or speech, the dog had him by the throat, and only released his hold when the formidable knife of the hunter, with one swoop, had half severed the head from the body of the victim.

Ere the reeking blade was withdrawn from the gaping wound, a wild whoop rang thro' the air, and a dozen dusky forms leaped, as if by magic, from the sward!

CHAPTER V.

Aroused suddenly from a deep sleep, the bewildered savages made a simultaneous rush towards the canoes, two of which were hastily lashed upon the lake, filled with the startled and but half-awakened party. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, with his gant from bent nearly to the earth, the old man followed by his dog, glided into the clump of bushes where he had left his rifle. Grasping his trusty weapon, he plunged into the neighboring forest—with rapid strides burying himself each moment deeper within its intricate mazes. He knew there was no time to be lost, and that all his cunning would be required to extricate him from the peril which surrounded him. After the first alarm had subsided he was perfectly aware the foe would lose not a moment in dogging his footsteps.

He was right—for after the momentary confusion was over, and perceiving no other demonstrations of an attack, the canoes were paddled to the landing, the savages leaped on shore and immediately made preparations for offensive operations. The discovery of their fallen companions excited them to the highest pitch of rage, and called forth a fierce howl of rage, which, reaching the ears of the Scout, added wings to his flight. His first object was to put as great a distance between himself and the foe as possible, hoping to escape them by superior speed, not doubting they would follow his track, urged on by hatred and revenge.

With incredible rapidity he threaded his way through the thick woods, every little while changing the direction of his route in the hope of throwing his pursuers off his trail. Occasionally he would cast an upward glance through the opening foliage. To his regret he perceived the clouds which veiled the moon were rolling towards the east, and ere long his light would be entirely unobscured. In darkness he trusted in a great measure for his safety, and so long as the moon remained eclipsed he cherished the assurance that his trail would remain undiscovered, and even his light he hoped, would not be sufficient to reveal it. Give him the hour or two more daylight and he had no apprehensions for his safety. What came to worst, we cannot say that the Scout would have experienced much alarm, for he had often been thrown into equally dangerous position, in which his cunning and skill had alone proved his salvation. As to fear, that was a feeling which never troubled his breast.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

